

THE
LUNATICK;

Or, GREAT and ASTONISHING

2

NEWS

FROM

BEDLAM.

By Mr. GEORGE FLINT.



L O N D O N :

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T H E

LUNATICK, &c.

HER MAJESTY the MOON, by undoubted Right and Title, Empreſs of the Night, Supream over all the Children of the Earth, willing to give all due Encouragement to her terrestrial Subjects, and taking the Occaſion of the Chariot with which the adventurous *Spaniard Gonſalez* pay'd a Viſit ſome Years ago to her ſuperior Orb, has, after a long and mature Deliberation, with her moſt lunatick Council, thought fit to diſpatch therein her moſt ſuper-excellent Vice-Roy, with the following Credentials to all her ſublunary Vaſſals:

We the Moon Empreſs of the Night, to all our Subjects upon Earth, but in a more particular Manner to our Darlings of Great-Britain, fit and due Greeting.

BE it known to you all, that, of our princely Care for all our loyal Subjects, We have thought fit to order, and do hereby appoint, our moſt faithful and beſt-beloved Couſin and Counſellor, *Stunnidoltum, Dingybrains, Rum Duke of Whimſicallimoſto*; Marquis of *Grinniwhiskers*; Earl of *Moapfoolyphiz*; Viſcount *Bredancheez, Smaltif, Fumadungus*; Baron *Gin, Stum, Maggotſki of Stupidogiddipol, &c. &c. &c.* to reſide at our Palace of *Bedlam,*

lam, in our favourite Isle of *Great-Britain*; there and thence to inspect the Behaviour, and to encourage the Loyalty of all our Liege People: W E, therefore, will and require all and each of these our loving Subjects, to pay to H I S S U P E R - E X C E L L E N C Y, the Regard they must needs know due to his most high, most bright, and most important Character, as they will answer it at their great Peril of being by U S adjudged W I S E; a Crime whereof we are perswaded none of our Sublunaries will be ever guilty: Given at our Court of Fools this 28190360th Night of our perpetual Reign.

Moon Empress,

VESPER SECRETARY.

The said most super-excellent Vice-Roy of her high and mighty Majesty the MOON, being assured, that all her loyal Subjects, that is, all the Children of the Earth, will pay a due Regard to her Imperial Orders, thinks fit, of his Grace, to advertise, that, to encourage you in praiseful Lunacy, he will from Time to Time publish all the Advice about you that he shall address to his Mistress, to the end that you may, all of you, have fair Play, and Room, each of you, to plead for himself, if he shall think himself in the least aggriev'd; and not by us sufficiently characterised, or represented, *Lunatick* enough in proportion to his Merit.

We also promise to peruse with Attention whatsoever Representations, Remonstrances, Petitions, or other respectful Addresses, shall be directed for us to our beloved Friend Mr. *Nathaniel Mist* in *Great Carter-lane, London*, of whose Care, in the Discharge of this important Trust, all our Sovereign Lady's Subjects may with us be fully confident: But we warn, will, and order, every such Addresser to defray the Charges of his own Business;

ness; that is, that all be Post or Porter paid: *Car tel est notre plaisir.*

And be it also chiefly ordain'd, and further precautioned to you, in the most solemn Manner, by our Authority aforesaid, that you all of you put off Hypocrisy, and no one of you, in the least, pretend to Wisdom, as some of you traiterously have done heretofore, whilst Shame and Fear of our Censure were not before your Eyes: But, as our comprehensive and piercing Mind, inveloping your Globe, at once beholds all your Secrets; and as each of you knows in his Conscience, that he wears upon his Mind the Livery of our Lady (that is FOLLY) evidently express'd in her various Badges, as not a Soul of you is to be found without some of our Galloon; therefore take Care, we warn you, to pay the constant Acknowledgment of your due Allegiance to our and your Sovereign Lady the high and mighty *Moon*, and honestly own your selves LUNATICKS; once more, we say, beware, and as you know your selves Fools, let none of you pretend to be wise; for you cannot but expect that we in due Zeal for the Interest and Honour of our Mistress, will by no Means suffer this. We expect, that as faithful Lunaticks, you will each be true to his Character, as we will be to ours; being resolved to convince every Man of you, from what passes daily and hourly within himself, that each of you is born a Lunatick, and list'd by his own Nature, under the Banner of our Imperial Lady.

And especially you *Britons*, our beloved Minions, whose Ancestors never have failed to cut one another's Throats upon many a foolish Pretence; you, we are sure, will never degenerate, but will be as ready upon Occasion, and as mad after this Sport of Rage and Fratricide as your Fathers ever were; *Britons* super-eminently Lunatick above the rest,

rest of Mortals, whose Brains ever have felt and confess'd the Influence of our Mistress with an exemplary Loyalty to her Power ; you will, we do not doubt, receive with general Joy and Acclamation, the great Honour done you by her Majesty in thus preferring you to the rest of the World, by appointing among you our Residence.

Prick up your Ears therefore, and prepare 'em for such Discoveries as hitherto were never heard upon this dull Globe of the Earth ; alert ! ye drowsy Mortals ! all ye Divines, Philosophers, Politicians, Lawyers, Merchants, Mathematicians, Men of every Vocation and Profession, of every Rank and Character, expect something new and surprising ; for our Mistress (you may believe me) is not only thoroughly vers'd in every transcendental and general Idea, and in every particular Phænomenon of your narrow Sphere, but also holds an equal Intelligence (you may depend upon't) with all the Orbs of the Universe besides, ay, and with more ; with all the living and departed Ghosts of fantastick Philosophers, and Schematists, Poets, Plotters, Astrologers and Rosicrucians, skill'd in every Part of their Whimseys, Projects, Schemes, Plots and Systems ; is at the Bottom of every Dispute that has past among Men, from the beginning of the World to this Night ; can reconcile 'em all to one another, and all to right Reason ; for she knows 'em (Sirs, take my Word for't) Outside, Inside, and Center, with all their specifick and accidental Phases ; is intimately acquainted (and so shall you be too, if you will) with * *Mademoiselle First Matter*, stark naked, Sirs,

* Aristotle defines first Matter to be neither quid nor quod, nor quale nor quantum, nor the Negations of these, that is to say, something and nothing, or neither something nor nothing.

stark naked, a Virgin stark naked, before she has upon her one Rag of Form: Ay, Gentlemen, here's a fine Lady for you, that is neither Something nor Nothing, nor the Negation of Something or Nothing; and though Nothing, yet is Every thing: Here's a lucky Mistress for you, my auspicious Fools! Cou'd a Lunatick desire a better, a fitter, a more charming Lady? For when, according to his own laudable lunatick Wont, he is quite cloy'd and out of Humour with every thing, yet fain would have something, but he knows not what? Cou'd he be better fitted than here? For here he may enjoy his most extravagant Wish to his whole Heart's Content, since, as fast as he can desire, S H E is, and S H E is not, what he wou'd or wou'd not have her be.

*O fortuna nimiam Bona si sua norint
Lunicola!*

Oh! how happy o'er and o'er,
Madmen are, who Moon adore.

With what a *Bellissima* Donna, Gentlemen Lunatics! does your sovereign Lady bless you, glorious Adorers of Vanity. A Paradise! ay, here's a Paradise so far excelling that which *Mahomet* contriv'd (tho' the very best he cou'd) to fill up the utmost Wishes of Mankind; our *Mademoiselle First Matter* is all that, and yet much more; and not in Reversion in another Life, but here immediately, Sirs, she is Worlds, Empires, Kingdoms, Seraglios, Armies, Fleets, Sports, Theatres, Nectar Ambrosia, a Bank Bill, or a Close-Stool; and, Sirs, this last is not the least Conveniency; all this and more, *ad infinitum*, we assure you, upon the Honour of a most super-excellent Lunatick, this same *Mademoiselle First Matter* is.—Indeed a little incomplete.

complete. — As you know every thing is that you have in this World ; but this small Defect is soon made up (as usually are your other Injoyments) by a lunatick Imagination ; and you shall have her, Gentlemen, upon Honour you shall.

Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo.

We Nobles of the Moon keep our Word ; and, not to hold you longer in Suspence, you will find her where she lives at Halfway-House, between something and nothing, upon Mr. *Aristotle's* Ground, known exactly to all your *Oxonians* and *Cantabridgi-ans* ; you cannot ask amiss ; any of 'em will direct you to her House.

And furthermore, in Dowry with this so most beautifable *pantomorphosimus* Lady, we have also Power to confer on you all the Lands, Tenements, Messuages, Mannors, Houses, Out-Houses, Dove-Houses, Lofts, Cottages, Water-Mills, Fulling-Mills, Wind-Mills, Gardens, Orchards, Meadows, Pastures, Woods, Furzes, Heaths, Moors, fresh and salt Marshes, Fishings, Advowsons, every thing above and under, with and without Ground, situate, standing, lying and being upon the ineffable, pleasant and spacious Downs of a fairy Imagination, possessed by the *Nominals* ; and bequeath'd by your Countryman *Occham*, with all the Cattle feeding thereupon, Herds and Flocks innumerable, (*Pauperis est numerare pecus,*) every Skull to be yours : Also all the Lands, Tenements, &c. as aforesaid, commonly taken, and known by the Name of *Entia Rationis*, perfectly realiz'd, and bequeath'd by your subtle *Duns Scotus*, with all the numerous Cattle feeding thereupon, wheresoever you can find them upon the Face of the Earth, every Skull to be yours : And, whenever you have a Mind to apparel sumptuously your virtuous Lady, the *Made-moiselle*

maifelle aforeſaid, you are further preſented by our and your moſt gracious Sovereign, with her admirable Head-Dreſs of *Plato's* Ideas, and her moſt gorgeous Suit of *Epicurus's* Atoms, both made by her own Directions and ſpecial Superintendency ; with her nobleſt Coſmeticks, which render her (as you ſee) ſo beautiful ; and her richeſt Perfumes, made with her own Hands, all of Philoſophers Stones. Laſtly, Gentlemen, our Royal Lady, of her innate Goodneſs, and immense Kindneſs to you, and with a juſt Conſideration of your ſignal Loyalty to her, makes you a Preſent of her beſt Smock, ay, the Smock ! my Boys ! the attracting Object of your moony Brains ; which Smock is a curious Patch-Work of Abſtracts, Predicables, and Predicaments, Figures of Rhetorick, Terms of Arts and Sciences, of Diviſions and Subdiviſions, that produce Shade out of Light, and out of Order, Diſtraction.

Next to her Smock, you know, Gentlemen, is her fair Body, even her ſweet ſelf, her bright, charming, beauteous SELF ; and the leaſt after ſuch Favours you can expect from her is to be Secret—aries, and Privy—counſellors. Zooks ! how luſcious are the Thoughts of ſuch Preferments ? Pray, Gentlemen, remember this, and ſo behave your ſelves as to be worthy of future Favours ; perſevere and advance in Lunacy, till at laſt you come to be ſunk in a ſweet Abyſs of Stupidity, and of never thinking without Interruption : Oh ! the conſummate Beatitude of never thinking ! To be, and to be juſt as if you were not : Yes, Sirs, never think of any thing but to read our Emanations (*the Lunar News from Bedlam*) which will teach you every Thing cogniſcible in the higheſt middle, and loweſt Worlds ; in fine, every thing, and ſomething elſe, which our ſovereign Lady, of her imperial Goodneſs, has thought fit to impart

(that is, in due Time) to all her loving Subjects of this her sublunary Ball.

And furthermore, to display our Generosity, we declare to the Governors of the Earth, that how much soever they swerve from their known due Allegiance, to our and their Sovereign Lady, by endeavouring to reduce our Mob to Order, yet we scorn to attack them, defying them ever to prevail so far against us, as to make Reason predominate over Passion, among our Subjects ; who, in Spight of all that can be said or done, will ever continue true Lunaticks, our faithful liege People.

Your inferior Crew we permit still to plod on very busy, like Moles, in throwing up a little Earth ; or, like Cats that have newly cack'd, in scraping Dirt together, wherewith to cover the Excrement of their nasty Souls, which Filth, they know by Experience, metamorphoses into Perfume in vulgar Nostrils, such as their own ; * *Like Lips, like Lettices* : † *Each Man judges by his own Taste : A Sirreverence for a Swine.* These dungy Souls, you must understand, are in Hell clapp'd, like Cupping Glasses, to the Zogming-Holes of the Damn'd that are constipated by their hot Climate, where these earthy Souls, according to their Nature, suck out into themselves the invenom'd, infernal Excrements, which they afterwards disgorge into the Earth, and which become, in Process of Time, the Seeds of your different Metals, according to the different Complexions of the Tormented, whose Excrements they are ; thus Hell propagates upon Earth ; whereof more, perhaps, hereafter ; it suffices here to have told you, by the by, how *Pluto* imployes below your Rissaf Muckworm Spirits.

* *Tales habent Labra Lætuas.*

† *Unus quisque prout affectus est judicat.*

But, with great Pleasure, we notify to you our distinguish'd Sublunaries, that you also are alike distinguish'd, each with a due Measure appointed to his Merits, in our Books, where Stars and Garters blaze with all the ample Splendor that the Bearer's Folly deserves. You, my Lords, are also our Nobility, our Paramounts, our Burning-Glasses, which, receiving the Beams of our Mistress, transmit them by your Example, with a Force irresistible upon our inferior Fry; and, should you happen to become wise, our Empire would quickly faint; but, Thanks to the Power of our Mistress, never failing upon your Brains; six thousand Years Experience sufficiently secures us from this Apprehension. *

We, by a special Order delegated to us by your supream, our high and mighty Mistress, return you, my Lords, her transcendent Thanks for your loyal Perswasion, that you came into this World, and were therein so exalted purely for her Service; nor, surely were you placed so far above the Vulgar for any other End, but always to be by so much the more licentious and more dissolute than the Vulgar, and to give Examples of unbounded Lunacy: What! confine to Rule and Order a noble freeborn Briton, with an Estate to support him in his Extravagancies, which alone he was born to enjoy? *A d'autrer!* away! to the Mob!

*Religion's a politick Law
Contriv'd by the Prigs of the Schools,
To keep the Rabble in Awe
And amuse poor bigotted Fools.*

Such glorious Thoughts as these are the fit Off-

* *Rarus anim ferme sensus communis in illâ Fortuna.*

spring of noble *Britons*, our true and trusty Friends, magnanimous Defiers of Religion and Morality, as unworthy of Souls so far elevated above Rule and Order, nauseous unsupportable Order, that wou'd put disdain'd Limits to your unlimited Passions! You condescend to be good! no, that is the Business of the Populace, these Out-Laws of Nature, who having little Enjoyments in this World, are, poor Wretches, forc'd and glad, or, at least, must be contented to play a Back-Game for another World: But, sure People are not so impudent, as to suppose Persons of Quality will basely stoop to think; much less, with Meanness, degenerate to be despicably virtuous and religious!

No; couragious, bold, and brave Lunaticks! continue fix'd in your Resolution, to live and die our faithful Subjects: Let not your Eyes ever enter your Breasts, nor any Examination pass therein, to regulate your Thoughts, Words, and Actions; do not look upon a Spile of Grass with the least Attention thereto, for fear the Symmetry thereof should immediately seize and conduct you to that infinitely excellent Being, called by some, the Soul of the World.

There was always Something, say they, or, there was at some time Nothing; if there was, at some time, Nothing, how could Something ever be? If there was always something, this neither wou'd nor indeed cou'd limit itself, and must therefore needs be unbounded in Power, Wisdom, Bounty, and in ALL that's called GOOD; and this is what they call GOD: Behold here their Demonstration; But what the Dévil have we to do with Demonstration, we Lunaticks, who to be happy, nobly renounce the wild *Chimera*, call'd *common Sense*? And to be happy, is to be every Thing that one can wish.

Suppose

Suppose a Shipwreck'd Man thrown upon an Island, all an entire Wilderness, uninhabited by any Thing but Beasts; shou'd he in the midst thereof, behold a beauteous Structure the most exquisite Hands ever built; he must suppose that this was built by Chance, by a mere accidental Jumbling of Things, call'd Atoms, together: What, do People talk of Reason, and common Sense, when there is no such Thing? *Homer* compos'd no *Iliads*, nor *Virgil* *Eneids*; Letters jump'd by Chance together, and form'd themselves into these Poems.

This is the true System of *Lunatics*; and be sure you stick to this, or you are in imminent Danger of being brought to own the God of Order; and thence to lead a Life in Conformity to his Will, which cannot delight but in Order: This, you know, would destroy all your Pleasure; which, unless you be impudently ungrateful, you must own you wholly owe to your happy Acquiescence, under the blest powerful Influence of our Lady the MOON upon your Brain.

But, if by Chance, you fall under the cruel Misfortune of acknowledging what they call a GOD; be sure you still adhere to this, that notwithstanding, he has observed Order and Proportion in every Thing else, yet, he expects to find no such Thing as Order in the Mind of Man; because it is the noblest Piece of the visible Creation: Whence, it is evident, that Order is less noble than Disorder, since the noblest Piece in Nature, that is, the Mind of Man, so much delights in Disorder: Hence the irrefragable MUGGLETON, in his excellent System of Religion, justly stiles *Reason the Devil*; for Reason would lead Men to Order: And let every Man of you vouch from his own Breast, what a Drudgery it is to follow Order:

Order : What a Havock, what a Destruction, Sirs, would this make of your Pleasures?

Wherefore, above all Things, we beseech you, Brethren, for your Peace of Mind's Sake, to arm your selves with a Prejudice invincible against the Thing call'd **REASON**, which, if you follow it, will conduct you to **RELIGION**; Ay, Sirs, to the **CHRISTIAN RELIGION**, the most terrible of all Religions, that leads you into a War against your selves, my Friends, a horrid unnatural War, which would abolish Disorder, and place Mankind in Peace, to the utter Ruin of our Empire.

Stand stiffly in the Gap, ye noble Lunaticks; and with your Example of pertinacious Folly, repel this Inundation of Thoughts impertinent, that threatens to involve Mankind in Order, and establish among them, a sad general Intercourse of the very best Offices to one another: Tread in the Steps that in your usual mad Way of (not) thinking your Birth and Fortunes prescribe to you: Oh! My noble Lords and Gentlemen, let me conjure you never to alter your lunatick Method of (never) thinking; persist unconcern'd in Wine, Women, Play, Balls, Masquerades, Theatres, Romances; in spending or gathering Pelf; in Law-suits, Plots, Cabals, Politicks, in your own beloved Laziness; or, in fine, in any Amusement, no matter which, provided it be useless or dissolute; and stedfastly believe, that your Wealth and Honour were bestow'd for no other Purpose, but purely to render you the more conspicuous Patterns and Patrons of Lunacy; in spite of all that Reason or Religion, of all that the Pimps to Piety, the Preachers can alledge, or offer to the contrary.

Mind not their Words, nor the Reasonableness thereof, but wholly insist and dwell upon their
Frailties;

Frailties: Look not at all upon what they call the Emanation of the divine Goodness, in the Dispensation of the Gospel, but upon the Weakness of Man in the Abuse thereof; and like true loyal Lunatics, tax the Beam of the Sun with Impurity, for the Sake of the Ordure it shines upon: Let the Rule be condemn'd for this very Reason, because it is not applied: Let Religion bear the Blame due to the unworthy Religious: Blacken Churchmen for Fear they should whiten you: Are not they themselves a Pack of Lunatics? Ay, marry! Are they, Sirs; then let us all of us run mad together; there is not upon Earth other Beatitude: Does not every Man know by Experience, that no Man can live upon Earth but either he must humour or battle his Passions? Battle your Passions! Zooks! What's that, Sirs? Here's a plain Design upon you; this Battle aims at Order, and is a perpetual Uneasiness; Don't you find it so? Then hoigh Boys! for Disorder! Let Vanity, Folly, Confusion, perpetually reign in every Heart and Head: How comely, how glorious the Tabernacle! *Where, as Job says, there is no Order but eternal Horror inhabits*, the lovely Brat of Disorder; thus live, thus die, and enjoy Disorder everlasting: What, do they talk of Torments and Burnings? How can those do us any Harm, where we have but our own Choice? We love not Order, but will have Disorder; Huzzah! Boys Disorder for ever.

Humph! You like not this you say, neither.
 — What the Plague lead us all into Hell! —

Pray, Gentlemen, do I lead you, or, do you go of your own Accord? Your Lives shew your Love, not Order; neither, as you say, do you like Disorder: Answer me, what would you be at? Do but ask your self this Question, and answer it, the wisest of you, to your own Heart; then, if
 you

you cannot, in the least, reconcile your own Thoughts and Ways to common Sense, as most certainly you cannot: Sure you will not have the Impudence to deny that you are all Lunaticks, and that the whole Earth is but one spacious *Bedlam*: Ay, Ay, let the wisest of you reflect upon the *Gallimatias* that passes every Day, nay, almost every Hour, in his own Head and Breast; and, we can have no Apprehension, but, he will readily find and own himself a most constant, most faithful Lunatick.

Is there then any Thing so unreasonable as to be boasting so much of your Reason, whilst not only you scarce agree in any one Point with one another, but not one of you can very long agree with himself? Shew common Sense in your Actions, and you shall be allowed common Sense; but as long as you only talk of it, so you may talk of swallowing the Sun; and if, for that you will fancy it in your Belly, this only shews you to be the more Lunatick: He that would needs * Debit a Feather sporting in the Air, for an Angel descended from Heaven, was scarce so much out of his Wits, as you, leading such Lives, and pretending at the same time to common Sense: Ha, ha, ha! full easy is it to foresee, how many of you will be for sneaking out of our Community! — halt: — not a Man of you stir; for, tho' in ours as in other Communities, every Man cannot be my Lord Mayor, yet every Man of you is a Lunatick; and the Cream of the Jest is this, that the Generality of your learned Fellows, who are apt to imagine themselves in our lowest Rank, are really in the highest; what Wonder

* That is, who would make People believe that the Feather was an Angel; for Debit in French, is to vend or put off a Merchandise.

What a wild Goose-Chace ! what an unaccountable Phrensy is such a Man's whole Life ! we will allow him Arts and Sciences his whole Bellyfull, nay, if he will, the whole Encyclopedie : But the Devil a Grain of common Sense.

*Lunaticorum omnium lunaticissimum est cum ratione
insanire.*

A LUNA

A

LUNATICK PARAPHRASE

On the FABLE of Ulyffes his Men
transform'd to Beasts.

*Jam me Parnassi Deserta per Ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor ; juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita Clivo.*

Cum ratione insanire.

Discors Concordia fatibus apta est.

TO Paths untrod our Humour leads,
To tie both Ends of Poetry together,
Like Shock and Fowler in a Tether,
The lofty Ditty rambick with low Doggrel weds;
Heroick too and Sapphick come between
Pindarick Strain,
With its long Train,
And all the various Turns among the Poets seen.
Energick WHIM! be thou my MUSE;
And from my Brain
Thy mighty Reign
Throughout the Land diffuse:

Whether

Whether thou lik'st the the Maggots Name
 By which thou sway'st this *Ile*,
 Or * Rat with Force that much the same
 Makes *French* † *Caboches* boil.

THEE various Names each Nation gives,
 And beneath thy Influence lives:
 THOU Court Imperial, THOU Consistory,
 THOU Vestry, Bench, and Hall,
 From Council Cabinet to Stall;
 From the Queen too, to the Drab,
 THOU can'st please, or THOU can'st vex
 Every Order, and each Sex;
 Soon or late, by Hab or Nab
 THOU hast 'em ALL;
 And with ubiquitarian Glory
 Triumph'st over Great and Small.

THOU mak'st proud the Rich and Great,
 And poor Men mourn their happier Fate;
 Old Mens Dotage, Childrens Play,
 Soldier's Courage, Statesman's Pay;
 His Motive and his Recompence,
 For Loss of Ease, Health, Innocence:
 THOU Miser's Wealth, and Joy of Beau,
 Lawyer's Wrangle, Churchman's Strife,
 Witty Husband, beauteous Wife;
 THOU in every Rank, we know,
 An *April* Errand mak'st of Life.

THOU that *Abel* kill'd by *Cain*,
 And hast since so many slain,
 Who have All untimely bled
 For the WHIM in HERO's Head;
 Which for Prey and Blood sent strowling
Nimrod like a Wolf a Prowling,
 Or like Cat a Caterwawling;

* Rat is French for Maggot or Whim.

† A French comick Word for Head.

Sent'st for thy superior Pleasure
Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar,
 And such like, who thy Influence own
 All from *Nim* to *L—* down :
 So on Rapine, Blood and Gilt
 Hast each powerful Empire built ;
 Th' *Affyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman,*
 All which is unknown to no Man,
 Who has read all Mankind's Story,

THOU too hast made WHIG and TORY,
 Spoilt from Pulpit Christian Morals,
 And art Cause of all our Quarrels.

THOU from Cloister too hast made
 Quit the Substance, hug the Shade,
 Mak'st the Mob on outside dwell,
 And for Kernel feed on Shell.

Under Fryar's holy Frock,
 Under Nun's religious Smock ;
 Under Cassock, Cloak and Gown,
 Under Mitre too and Crown ;
 In the Pulpit, in the School,
 In the Head of every Fool ;
 With Heav'n it self thou dar'st engage,
 And War with the ALMIGHTY wage.

THOU wert the GIANTS that THOU made,
 Whilome in the Poet's Head,
 That boldly pil'd up Hill on Hill,
 Against Heaven are piling still,
 And throughout all Ages will ;
 Men in every Century
 Fight against their GOD for THEE.

Thus THOU every Pate can'st Addle,
 Get thee then on mine a straddle ;
 There, like as on Broomstick Witch,
 Gallop it o'er Hedge and Ditch ;
 Every where through thick and thin,
 Any how ; 'tis all for WHIM :

Then,

Then, ye Lovers of WHIM, follow me, your Bel-
wether,

No Matter whither ;

Men that to rambling are inclin'd
May fail with every Tide and Wind,
And who shall fetter free-born Mind ?

Who, the Pox !

Shall fix in Stocks

Souls ! essential Weather-cocks ?

Wheel in Wheels ! Let Spirits free

Dance around

On Fairy Ground,

WHIMSY's Encyclopedie :

Minds have their Palates too, and gladly tast

Various Kickshaws for Repast ;

Always Reason ! always Sense !

And Regularity !

Away, ye Prigs, Schoolmongers, hence.

We will from Rules be free,

You, with your Rules, are mad as well as we :

Then since all are mad, we'll be merrily mad ;

Much longer and better lives gay Man than sad.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, well done *Democrite*.

Still laugh Day and Night,

Fresh Objects within thee still raise fresh Delight ;

For Sight too without thee, thou hast no Occasion ;

Having laid up a Store,

Thou * shut'st up the Door,

And laugh'st at the Wisdom of th' *Athenian* Nation

And who can cease to laugh, who has the Birth

Within himself of constant Mirth ?

Wou'dst thou be merry ? Wou'dst thou see

The very Height of Comedy ?

Look but a while within thy self,

Silly, ridiculous mortal Elf.

*Democritus blinded himself to be more free for Contemplation,
and us'd to laugh at the Follies of Mankind.*

What

What jarring Patronages, mottley Scenes
 Of Statesman, Beau, Divine, Buffoon;
 Now Emperor, now Shaberoon;
 Now Pope, now *Newton*, and now *Purcell*;
 With many more not worth rehearsal,
 Are no more

Than in one Hour
 Display'd in thy own Brains;
 But State-Politick *Jack Pudding*,
 On important Whimfies studying;
 As in Blanket tois'd with Spleen,
 Gives Diversion the most keen;
The whole World's a Comick Scene.

Were your Minds and Senses clear,
 Not alone through Eye and Ear,
 Ridicule would pass in Store,
 In and out at every Pore;
 And each Atom wou'd be glad
 To feel it self and Fellows mad.
 'Tis your being in the Dark
 Makes you wise, and makes you cark;
 Clear up, you'll discover soon

The Dance of Nature owns the MOON,
 And joyful Madness every where,
 Every Mind and look will chear.

Who can to laugh forbear?
 Extatick Laughter tickles every Gill;
 For rapturous Mirth make Room;
 We will the World with Gambole fill,
 And Men to die of laughing doom.
 Better a speedy Death than wretched Life,
 Said wisely he,

Who, shock'd with fierce Physiognomy,
 Wou'd rather hang than have a Shrew for Wife;
 And, since you're all *Jack Puddings* in this Age,
 Go, like *Jack Puddings*, laughing off the Stage.

But whence, you'll say, this laughing Rage?
 Are we just come from Comick Stage?

No;

No;—we're just come from the Church;
 From Church! Zooks, here you're in the Lurch,
 To fancy what we there can glean
 Save purely Matter for the Spleen;
 Equivocation here, you'll say, must lurk:
 We are rather come from Kirk,
 Where the wily Theologue
 Is witty Rogue,
 And can with merry Glee
 Vamp dull Divinity,
 In quaint Conundrum and facetious Scorn:
 Has *Burges*s, say you, burst his Tomb?
 Is punning *Daniel* risen from the Dead?
 Or has the *Poet* somewhere read
 The following Verse that witty *Scot*
 To *Canter*s Tomb did once allot?

Here lies interr'd in Clay
 The Body of little *Andrew Grey*,
 Who preach'd in Kirk without a Roof,
 And had a Conscience Cannon proof;
 He was no *Quaker*, for he had no Spirit;
 He was no *Papist*, for he had no Merit;
 He was no *Jew*, for he'd eat Swine;
 He was no *Turk*, for he'd drink Wine;
 Full forty Years he preach'd and ly'd,
 For which God d—n'd him when he dy'd.

But hold here, Readers, all and some,
 And think not from the Moon we come,
 To slander any Sett of Men;
 'Gainst no Particulars we draw the Pen;
 Let what in *Presbyter* is good
 Be safe from Censure understood;
 But which of them can justly Chafe
 If what in some may seem ridiculous
 As Ape in Cavalcade on Puss
 Happens to make us laugh?

Then,

Then, prithee, Brother, be at rest ;
 Every Sect is full of Jest ;
 They're oft most, who think they're least :
 Jeer who will, let us but know them,
 And we'll quickly *quid pro quo* them.

So from *Kirk* to *Church* let's steer ;
 Yes, forsooth, because you hear
 There is Sport instead of Prayer ;
 Ah ! loose Wags, you'd fain be there :

You shall.——But let us first beguile
 Your Expectation yet a while,
 Least you do nought but laugh, and so our Story spoil.
 For we've a Mind to speak
 Of merry *Greek*,

And tell an old Tale o'er again ;
 Howe'er we hope in such a Strain
 As makes it new ;
 If we have Wit to do't,
 Pray hearken to't.

You've most of you heard of *Ulysses'* Crew,
 Who, after some Years rambling to and fro,
 Did as Sailors often do ;
 Who, when at Land, love to maintain
 The Reel they learn when toils'd upon the Main ;
 The best Way to do this, they think
 Is by good Drink :
 And which of you, Sirs, wou'd not do the same ?
 If from long Hardship spent, and quite fatigu'd,
 you came ?

Which of you wou'd not cry fill up
 The chearful Cup
 To re-encourage Life's exhausted Flame ?
 The Fury of these Men's no more
 When stark mad they come ashore,
 Then Current's Rage that long was damn'd before :
 You see their Frenzy, but you miss your own,
 Not less than theirs were all Things known,

Proportions measured and weigh'd,
 And due Allowance made;
 More Wonder Man, whom long Excess defeat;
 Still baffled, still the same repeats;
 To Moderation rarely e'er retreats,
 Or but by short Girds and Fits
 Is in his Wits.

Nought but constant hard Restraint
 Of the Vice predominant
 Can make a Saint;

And, if Nature can't but grieve
 Under other's Curb to live,
 How can Nature be at rest
 With a constant Curb in Breast?
 Now, Excess here do not think
 Only meant of Meat and Drink;
 Your Excess is of one Kind,
 Mine, my Brother,
 Of another;

To Excess we're all inclin'd,
 This Excess will still be had,

WE ARE ALL MAD:

And so without more ado

Let's return to talk of Crew: —

All tir'd with Storm as hunted Cats,
 And wet as Water Rats;
 Hoarse as Frogs,
 And dull as Logs.

At last the Land they made
 Where *Phœbus's* Daughter CIRCLE stray'd;
 To look at her, you each wou'd swear
 She was a *Wapping* Buccaneer,
 Who plies for Booty, you know where,
 If you've been there;

Mol — or another such
 Brisk, lovely, black-ey'd Witch;
 A Witch she was, that's clear,
 As in the Sequel will appear;

But jolly Dame as ever danc'd in Hall,
'Tis merry there when Beards wag all :
 So says Proverb, yet, it may be,
 Beards may shock some squeamish Lady,
 As a Glance of Thought may go
 From Beard above to Beard below ;
 So with Smut may fancy strike, ——
 Then, be every Way alike——
 Madam, here your Pride is just,
 Scorn to stoop to filthy Lust,
 Soul with suited Food refresh,
 And disdain the Works of Flesh ;
 Stifle every brutal Passion, ——
 Fogh ! —— this Talk is out of Fashion ;
 Cant, and Stuff ! —— Well said, my Girl,
 Keep thee still in Fashion ; Whirl's
 Never out of Fashion go,
 We shall lose you if you do ;
 In Fashion keep, 'tis all we crave,
 You're the surest Goods we have ;
 To be like others
 Sisters and Brothers
 Is the grand Catholicon
 By which Reason is undone ;
 And MOON triumphant leads in Chains
 All Hearts and Brains :
 'Tis THIS gives mighty MOON her Right,
 And makes all Mankind *Bedlamite*.

But to our Tale let's be restor'd,
 Our buxom Lads was fit for Lord,
 Plump as a Puffin, with a double Chin,
 A stately Gate, a Shape, a Mien,
 And Presence of a Queen :
 Drest like a Queen to every Stitch,
 And yet a Witch ;
 No Wonder ! Lips as sweet as e're you kiss'd,
 Fair Neck and Chest,
 And lilly Fift,

Many such Witches we've in *England* seen.
 But now t' our Men, —————
 To Land both * Tar and Lobster hurries,
 And thereon dragging Ships and Wherries;
 We'll leave 'em there no Man to guard 'em,
 Our Men to Madam Circe's herd 'em,
 For something there to chear their Spirits,
 Cordial wanting Cordial merits;
 So say Beer, Wine, Brandy Skinkers,
 Whatloe'er, say Water Drinkers.
 A dark Pack of graceless Fellows,
 Self-condemned *de se Felo's*,
 Always mad in sober Sadness,
 But ne'er blest with radiant Madness;
 Curs'd to gloom, and ne'er to shine
 With Beams of God-making Wine;
 Buried ever from their Birth
 Add Dust to Dust, and Earth to Earth.

But here *Apollo* Ear is pinching,
 Says, *Old Horse* will not leave his wincing;
 You, Sir, he says, are all for Sport,
 And therefore wou'd have others for't;
 So here you talk of King and Queen,
 As you'd of *black-eyed Sue* and *Ben*:
 When Kings and Queens into your Verse you draw,
 A Solemn Melody should please and awe;
 Angels shou'd seem to tune each charming Line,
 And Nations hear with Extasy divine:
 Yet from your high Pindarick here you drop
 To downright dogrel Rime,
 Like Sailor from the Mainmast Top
 To the low Deck —————
 But lagging Horse that gets a Check,
 And then a Spur, go's faster for't: ———
 Up *Pegasus*! again let's start,
 And try to climb;

* *Sailor and Soldier.*

But, if again to fall we hap,
 * *Homer*, you know, must have a Nap;
Homer! Ouns! Sir Deity,
 Well thought on't, What d'ye make of me?
 A *Homer*, *Pindar*, or such Wight
 With high-flown Fancies out of Sight,
 Like School-Boy's Kite
 Loft, and soaring past revoke,
 When retentive String is broke?
 Thus Rimers, when they've snapt their Twatlers,
 Become everlasting Tatlers;
 And 'cause they're eas'd in breaking Wind,
 Think their F——ts must please Mankind:
 But, Senior *'Pollo*! What the Plague d'ye mean,
 To ask of me the rich *Pindarick* Strain,
 Yet, take no Care to furnish me the Vein?
 So Men resolve to grasp th' Almighty Chink,
 Tho' † how t'encompass it they never think;
 So pamper'd Priests prescribe a chearful Heart
 To starving Wretch unalms'd that must depart,
 In grand Sublime, forsooth, the Muse must stalk
 When of Kings and Queens we talk:
 Shew us first the King and Queen
 * That afford the *Golden Mean*;
 But CIRCLE? ——— 'sife we've lost her out of ken,
 Let's bring her back to Sight agen.
 'Tis Odds, you know, by Book or Hearsay
 What she is, our Madam *Circe*,
Circe's the Daughter to the God *Apollo*,
 Yet that she mayn't be wicked does not follow;
 A Lady fine may be a Vixen curs'd,
 Best Things corrupted prove the worst;

* Quandoque bonus dormitat Hominis.

† Unde habeat Nemo querit sed oportet habere.

|| Sint Mæcanates non deerunt floecce; Marones.

And he that will suppose
 A young Saint sometimes an old Devil grows,
 Only 'twixt Woo and Wed the Differences knows;
 How Saintlike courted! how demure! how civil!
 But married once; Oh; She's the Devil!
 The Husband then is good, let's Reason steer him,
 No, *Devil a Barrel better Herring*:
 Yet, we have Nought to do with Strife
 May happen betwixt Man and Wife,
 Save us, Lord, from such a Life:
Belphegor, tho' a Devil, could not bear this Fate,
 But prefer'd Hell to such a married State;
 Stay tho'—— Queen! a Princess! Dutchess!
 So inviting fair, yet such is
 Bright S O L's own Picture, beauteous as her Sire,--
 Who won't be burnt must from the Flame retire!--
 Self-Preservation every Man beseeches
 To shun bad Women, they're all Witches,
 Yet Men will scratch where it itches:
 Pox on't, —— Nay, Pox and Pox again
 Will not make some Men refrain;
 You'll suppose now, if you are loose,
 Our Madam *Circe's* Palace to be *Bawdy-House*.
 ('Tis not first Time such a Thing has been,
 Bawdy-house been House of Queen)
 If you suppose it such, we do not care a Louse,
 But, if you haunt it, Devil's in you;
 Howe'er, let us our Tale continue.——

Circe no sooner saw so many Breeches
 Approach her Walls and Ditches,
 But what some Women are she quickly teaches;
 Criticks may here pretend that *Greeks*
 Then wore not what the *Scots* call *Breeks*,
 No matter, when we're at a Pinch
 We'll take an Ell instead of Inch.
 Her Wenches, who had fasted long from Men,
 What matters how or why, you may be sure,
 As 'twou'd be now, so then

'Twas

'Twas all by Force; but, how they lick'd their Lips!
Had you seen 'how each Doxy round the Goddess
 skips

Quite out of Humour with the Life of Nun;

Oh! Madam, We are all undone,
If we can't bring these Men to lure.

Lord! how busy

Every Huffy,

All in Flaughter, cry

Let's have the Men or else we die.

The Devil's Jig had got in Skull

Of every Trull

To dance the Devil's Barnaby :

When a Woman has't in Pate,

She'll be at it soon or late,

For it will all Hazards run ;

If she can

She'll have the Man,

Tho' she's sure to be undone ;

'Tis Queen Nature's Trick of State

Species to propagate :

What! Tho' they're shabby Louts! a Man's a Man;

* *One Nightcap's worth a thousand Quoifs,*

Their Tongues all together ran,

A Woman's nothing till she wife's ;

We're all in a rigid Flame,

Who can such a Passion tame ?

Each on the Brink of Life's——

Leave that to me, quo' Dame,

You shall have it, ay, that fame ;

Huzzah, my Lasses, they're your own,——

God bless your Majesty ; Sing, *derry, derry, down.*

And now the Lads are come to Town,

Lord! how cheary

Every Blowfe

Out at Window wou'd throw House ;

* *Val più una Beretta che cento Cuffi.* Prov. Ital.

Rapt in Transport as she hop'd
To be leeri—— leeri—— leeri——
To be leericompoop'd.

Hoighty toighty! romping *Mol*
Skips on Back of buxom *Dol*,
Who, before she far had gone
Thus *with Devil upon Dun*,
Tosses *Mol* on squabby *Susan*
Stretch'd on Couch the Man to muse on;
Straddle then on *Mol* came *Peg*,
And, wedging Waiste 'twixt either Leg.
As *Mol* to rising did incline
Clap'd neither * Zog to Face supine;
Crys, snuff, ye Whore, the wholesome Smell,
Adzouns! quo' *Mol*, as hot as Hell!
Ugh! I'am stifled with the Hogo!
This † *Bocca* was, it seems, *de fogo*,
Hot sandy *Peg's* || *Volpone Logo*.

Whilst sturdy *Tib* as strong as Man,
Hors'd on Shoulder puny *Nan*;
Who, as she shriek'd, and kick'd, and sprawl'd,
And fruitlessly for Quarter call'd;
Others clap Arse as they list,
Till at last on *Tib* she pifs'd:
Tib perceiving Wet to trickle,
Mad to be in such a Pickle,
When just going on Parade,
Curs'd, and set to Ground the Jade.
But, what Tongue or Pen can trace
All the Gambols of the Place?
We'll leave the *Gallimatia Theam*,
And t'our Crew our Style reclaim.

* Zog for Physiognomy by *Dogrel* poetick Licence.

† *Bocca di fogo*, a Mouth of Fire.

|| *Volpone Logo*, Fox's Place.

With Cap in Hand the drooping Scoundrels came
 To beg a Bit,
 Courage! quo' Queen; a lucky Hit;
 Come, d'on your Caps, chear up my Hearts;
 Good Prog in Store, stout Bowse in quarts;
 You're welcome here to Bed and Board,
 And each shall be as drunk as Lord:
 So said so done; but, what Help for't?
 Still over-doing spoils the Sport;
 With Toil, and Salt-Water,
 And deep drinking after
 They lay all Night by 'em, and did 'em no Good;
 So up rose the Lasses and swore by their Blood,
 That half the Night roaring,
 And all the rest snoring
 Was loathsome than Widowhood.

Is it so? quo' the Princess, then give each his
 Draught,
 Which the dull thirsty Mortal no sooner had
 quaff,
 But quickly he needed not put on his Cloths,
 He lay down a Man, up a Beast he arose.
 There's Lion, and Unicorn, Wolf, Hog, and Bear;
 Almost all Noah's Ark in a Moment appear;
 Beasts on a sudden did from Beds arise
 Of every Sort and Size;
 From Elephant enorm
 To Mole of lowest Form;
 In fine, every Sort of Beast
 From the biggest to the least.
 And, this was hardly something new
 Among a drunken Crew;
 What Mischiefs does not too much Drinking do?

In the Interim, you must know,
 My Cousin Uly,
 (Our Method this is
 We put Uly for Ulysses)

Who,

Who, to tell the Story truly,
 As you may have heard, being cunning,
 Was not for into Danger running;
 But, for all *Circe's* Smirks and Smiles,
 Knave himself was ware of Wiles;
 Luff'd and weather'd the fly Gypfy,
 And being wise wou'd not be tipsy;
 If she was Witch, yet he was Wizard,
 Had Bisket brought and Dram from Ship,
 And won't put *Circe's* Cup to Lip;
 Damnably grumbled in the Gizzard,
 To see his Men all turn'd to Beasts
 By tasting her impoisoned Feasts;
 Said they had better still be fasting
 Than to pay so dear for tasting.
 But as he is describ'd in *Homer*
 A squat, well-built, sturdy Wight,
 Nought, you know, could be welcomer
 To a Lafs that loves Delight,
 You all know what we mean by't.
 When Woman's termagant and gamesome,
 A Man's no worse that's strong and handsome;
 Then he cou'd talk —— O Gods, how he cou'd
 talk! ——
 Not sounding Bombast, as some Poets do,
 But nick her Thoughts, and in choice Phrase
 attack;
 So that th'Inchantress was enchanted Lord knows
 how,
 With Godlike Mien and Hero's stately Walk.
 No Wonder Madam's Chops did at him water,
Slyboots, who soon perceiv'd the Matter,
 Was no such Fool, pray, don't mistake,
 But he cou'd his Advantage make;
 As many another Man has done,
 When finding Woman is his own:
 And Women oft in like Case too
 Have to Men rendered *quid pro qua*.

All strive to play the Villain Part;
 For all now live by Trick and Art;
Vivitur raptu, Sharp's the Word
 That oft of Scoundrel makes a Lord,
 By which the Clown makes his Approach
 From driving Cart to ride in Coach.

Now here, to carry well our Farce on,
 We'll shew our Knight like gloating Parson,
 Squinting at Witch from Side of Eye,
 And ogling sweet, pray, Madam, Why
 Have you bereft me of my Men?
 What, tho' they be not One to Ten
 Among your Wenches, let them stand to
 Tackle, and do each that can do:
 For, Madam, do's your Queenship think
 That I can stop up every Chink?
 Sure, you won't pillage your own Spittal,
 And give away when you've so little;
 Consider, Madam, every Drab
 Will ha't from me by Hab or Nab;
 Can I supply so many Wenches?
 Alone dig in so many Trenches?
 Pray, for your self reserve your Swain
 And give my Men their Shapes again:
 The Motion mainly pleas'd the amorous Queen,
 With chuckling Throat and Eyeballs keen
 She simper'd, and then thus replied——
 Dear Sir, no Boon to you can be denied;
 She would have said, by One wou'd be your
 Bride,
 But check'd the rising Compliment,
 Yet well knew *Uly* what she meant.
 Stay, Do you know, Sir, what you crave?
 Wou'd they again their Menships have?
 Go try, and if they will be Men,
 Their Shapes we will restore agen.

Then

Then, bowing low, away glad *Uly* scow'rs,
 Already in his Mind his Crew restores ;
 Quoth he, my Lads, 'tis not so bad,
 But Remedy may yet be had ;
 Come, will you be your selves once more ?
 (Speech they had ready as before)
Lion first answered when he thought to roar.

D'ye think that I am such a Booby
 To rebecome Tarpaulin Looby ?
 I've Teeth and Claws, and can with Ease
 Tear to Pieces whom I please ;
 I'm here a King, and have more Wit
 Than go to * *Ithack* simple Cit.
 What, you'd a poor Foot Soldier make me ?
 No, if you do, the Devil take me :
 I'll not again become a Man, Sir,
 Tho' you cou'd make me an *Almansor* ;
 Be plagu'd with Reason, robb'd of Rest,
 I'd rather live at Ease a Beast.
Ulysses, scratching Pate, retir'd
 From *Lion*, and of *Bear* inquir'd ;
 Says, *Fernibleu*, it makes me quake
 To see the Figure that you make ;
 What a clean handsom Fellow once you were ?
 Marry, Guelp with a Winnian, reply'd *Mr. Bear* ;
 Who told you, my quandom Master,
 That any Shape is a Disaster ?
 You judge of our Shape, why not we of yours ?
 Ye saucy Sons of Whores :
 Mine pleases Dutche's *Bear*, and I resort
 A Noble to the *Lion's* Court.
 My Prowess known, in th' Army I've a Charge
 Better than any in your Barge,
 And, blest with loving she, I rove at large,

* *Ithack* for *Ithacus* (*their Country*) by *Doggrel* poetical Licence.

Shab off, I will not change my State
To be of Mankind the most Great.

Gadzooks, quo' *Uly*, sure the Devil's in 'em,
I find no Argument will win 'em.

Well, you, Sir *Wolf*, what say you to't?
Fie, what a Life you lead;
A lovely Shepherdess Complaint has made,
That you among her Flock had got,
And bled her Heart to see her Lamkins bleed;
She wept and shriek'd, but you, Rogue, never
mind her;

I've known the Time you'd have been kinder;
Wou'd save her Flocks,
And watch her Smocks;

But now you're grown a cruel Wretch
As e'er did Neck in Halter stretch.
Had you not better with good Conscience feed
On Cheese and Bread?

Proud Man, says *Wolf*, what Impudence is this?
I am bloody and cruel because I kill Sheep;
Is't not to slay that you them keep?
Yet you, forsooth, do right and we amiss;
You're lawful Murderers, because you've Power;
We deserve Death every Hour,
For killing one Sheep while you kill ten score,
And no Harm done;
We must have Conscience, you have none;
Thus do you argue every Mother's Son.

I follow Nature when on Sheep I feed
But does Wolf ever make Wolf bleed,
As Man does Man destroy?
Pray what did you at *Troy*?
When for together Twelve-Months ten
You plotted nought but how to murder Men;
Because a Pair of Buttocks stray'd from *Greece* with
Paris;

What a just Pretension here is,

The Face of Earth to cover o'er
 With human Gore?
 Heaps of Men slain by Men bestrew the *Asian* Shore;
 To Fowl and Beast a Prey; so Heaven decreed
 As Man on Beast so Beast on Man shou'd feed.
 And what Pretence for all this Slaughter
 Unnatural, that first began in Daughter?
 By her own Father *Iphigenia's* slain,
 Sweet Maid, the Strumpet *Helen* to regain:
 And then what dreadful Havock did succeed?

O Men! Men! Men!

Say, Monsters, why for so much Sin
 Must so much Innocence bleed?
 For what? I ask you once agen,
 Did *Paris* leave behind,
 No Womankind?
 Buttocks are Buttocks; where's the Difference
 In common Sense,
 If foolish Passion did not strike Men blind?

If *Paris* wou'd restore;
 Shou'd *Menelaus* take the Whore?

Had *Paris* reconvey'd,

And with *Phrygian* Arms essay'd
 To force her on him; *Greeks* had dy'd with Honour
 Rather than take her back; a Pox upon her,
 On you, and all such Fools and Knaves
 Who merit not so much as Graves.

Do you remember, Sir, the Trick you play'd
 Brave *Palamade*?

An open Murder done

In Face of Sun,

Is Goodness if compar'd

With that by Treachery prepar'd;

Especially when done by Form of Law;

Whence God's and Men Accomplices we draw;

Murders thus done for direct Vengeance shriek,

Not only upon you, but on each accessory *Greek*:

When

When Innocents are slain
 By Law, which Gods ordain
 To be the Preservation of Mankind,
 If Gods ben't weak or blind ;
 Bleeding Nations shall atone
 Such Murders done :
 With such a Hoard of Sins opprest
 In your own Breast,
 What Insolence to bid me think of Guilt,
 Because the Blood of Sheep I've spilt ?
 Think you, Sir, on the Life you've led,
 The Bastard by this Witch that shall be had,
 Shall one Day, on a sudden, poke you dead,
 And send to Hell his unrepenting Dad :
 Men must needs be a miserable Crew,
 When Heaven's Deputies are such as you :
 I become Man.——No ; rather let me crawl—
 A Worm in Ordure nurs'd,
 Then again turn to be an Animal
 So monstrous, so accurs'd :
 You Lords of Nature!——Whoop !
 Beshrew my Pluck
 If any Duck
 Her Beak wou'd stoop
 To take up
 Your pretended **RATIONAL**,
 Who, like me,
 Knew you to be
 A Pack of Monsters, one and all :
 So, Master, troop ;
 Or we shall tear your Breeches if you stay ;
 But that you once gave us Bread,
 You had been already dead ;
 So thank our Beast's Gratitude
 That we are not more Rude ;
 But quick, alert, away :
 With that the Rest set up *Hurray*,

And hooted *Uly* as he ran,
A frightened, distracted Man :

No, not a Beast wou'd be a Man again,
But noble, happy Beast remain,
And rove at large through Wood and Plain ;
They all wou'd *Liberty* maintain,
Like *Britons* true,
Whate'er ensue,
To hear and follow gloriously asham'd ;
No, rather let us all be slain,
Nay, let us all be damn'd.

You can't imagine how scar'd *Uly* scower'd ;
Not Dog with Bottle scampering thro' the Town,
Or what else more ridiculous can be shewn,
More plenteous Matter cou'd of Mirth afford :
Nothing this Example reaches,
Only *Parson* when he preaches :
Hence it is since *Sunday* last
We've our Time in laughing past,
To see so many Men in Black,
Just like *Uly*, spend their Talk,
Brought fresh to Mind poor *Uly's* Case ;
For *Parson's* truly in his Place,
And sometimes subject to the like Disgrace ;
He wou'd make his Hearers Men ;

Labour in vain !

The Devil a Brute that minds a Word he says,
Perhaps a Moment, then returns to his old Ways ;
Goes as he came,

The very same :

For the mad World its Course will pursue,
'Spight of what Wit can say, or Art can do ;
Man's Definition a false Notion gives ;
For where's the Man that *reasonable* lives ?
Two-legged Brutes crowd the Terrestrial Stage,
But Man's a Creature seen in never an Age :
Man, as your Insolence your Race defines,
Where Reason's Lamp perpetually shines ;

Whilst

Whilst by Decision of that very Light
We undertake to prove the opposite.

If *Thomas William's* Right to Dog disputes;
Both call ;---Dog runs to *Will* ;---This *Tom* confutes;
Let Reason so and Passion jointly call ;
Passion is sure to have the Animal :
Then why does the proud, rattle-headed Prig,
Pretend that Reason guides his Whirligig ?
Away ! thou Fool ! bid all such Beasts good Night ;
Passion's thy Rule, Reason's a Sham, go sh—

F I N I S.

